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NGS FROM ALICE

Alice in Wonderland & Through the Looking-Glass

SONGS FROM ALICE

words by Lewis Carroll
music by Don Harper
illustrations by Charles Folkard

Lewis Carroll's inspired nonsense rhymes from *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland* and *Through the Looking Glass* have been set to music before but never so happily as in this book. Composed by Australian jazz violinist Don Harper, the music has a wit and spirit that ideally complement Carroll's words.

Charles Folkard's classic illustrations, originally published in England in 1921, depict the humor of such memorable characters as the Walrus and the Carpenter, the Jabberwock, and Old Father William.

There are piano accompaniments, guitar chords, and additional parts for violin, flute, or recorder.

A HOLIDAY HOUSE BOOK

Reinforced $8.95

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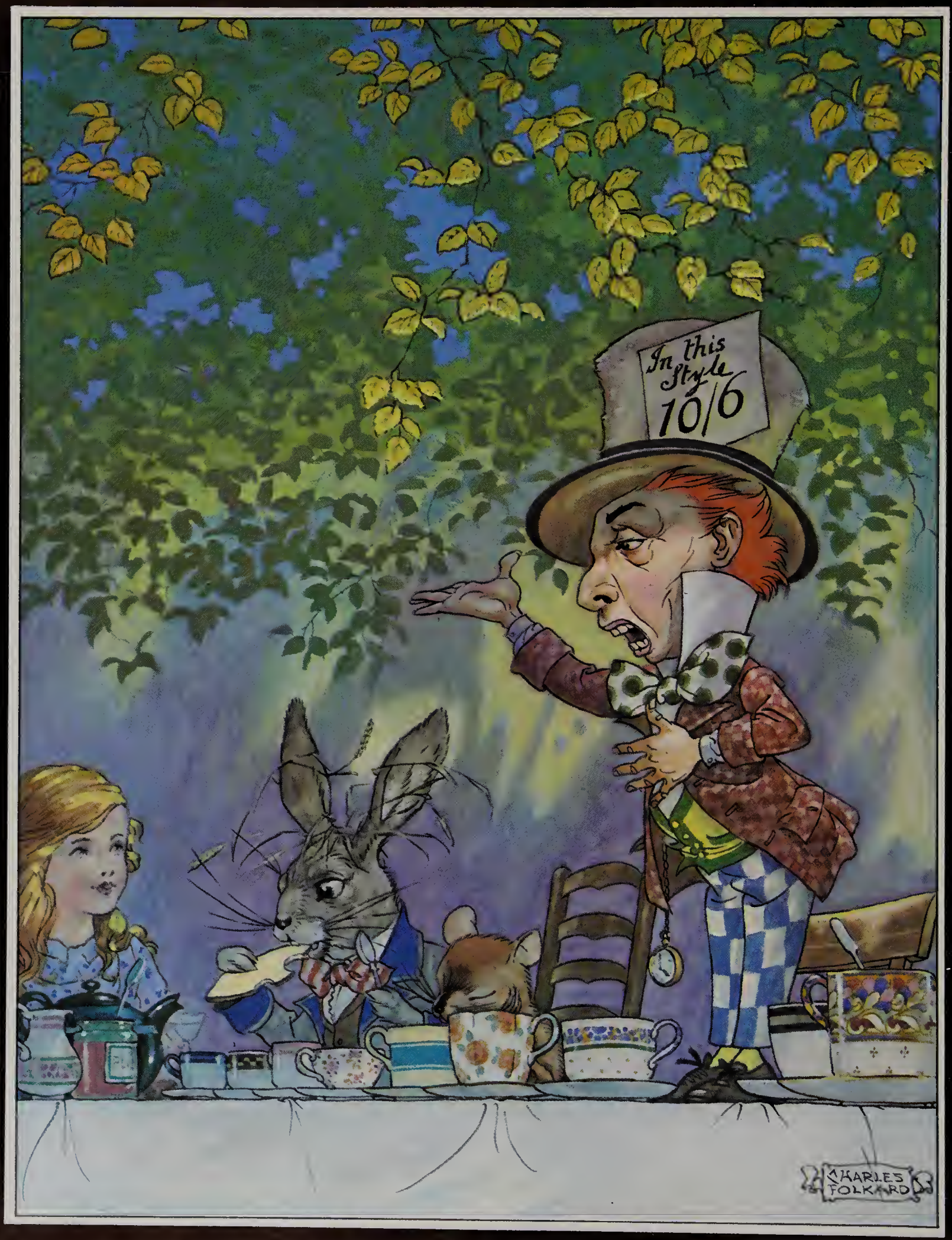
SONGS FROM ALICE

Alice in Wonderland & Through the Looking-Glass

Words by LEWIS CARROLL
set to music by DON HARPER
with illustrations by CHARLES FOLKARD

HOLIDAY HOUSE · NEW YORK



'I had to sing "Twinkle, twinkle, little bat!"'

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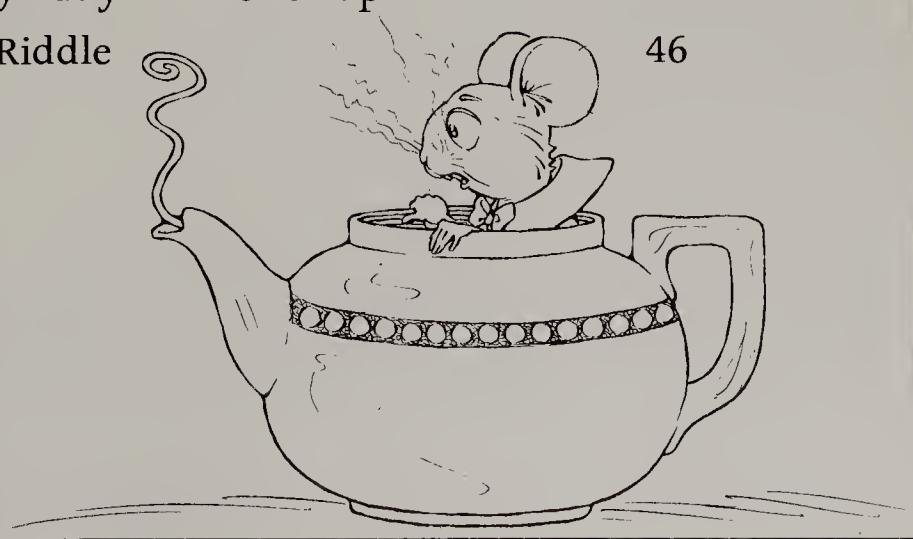


The Little Crocodile

♩= 82

Introduction

How doth the lit - tle croc - o - dile Im -

C7 F Gm7

Ped. F

prove his shin - ing tail, And pour the wat - ers of the Nile On

C7 F (Fmaj7) (F7) B♭ Dm7

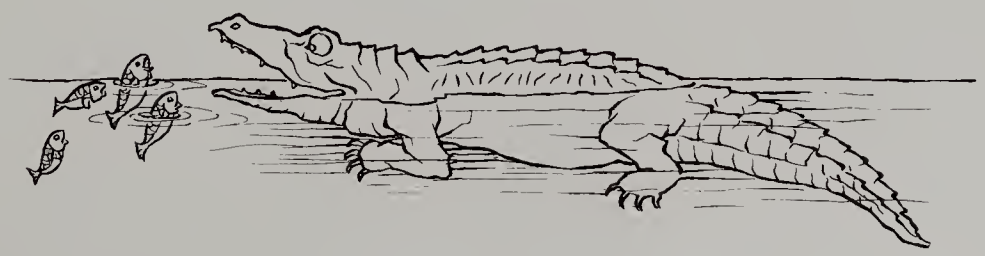
ev - ery gol - den scale! How cheer-ful - ly he seems to grin, How

G7 C7 F Gm7

rall.

neat-ly spread his claws, And wel-comes lit-tle fish - es in With gent-ly smil-ing jaws!

C7 F (Fmaj7) (7) B♭ C7 Fm



Old Father William

♩= 92

Flute, recorder ad lib.

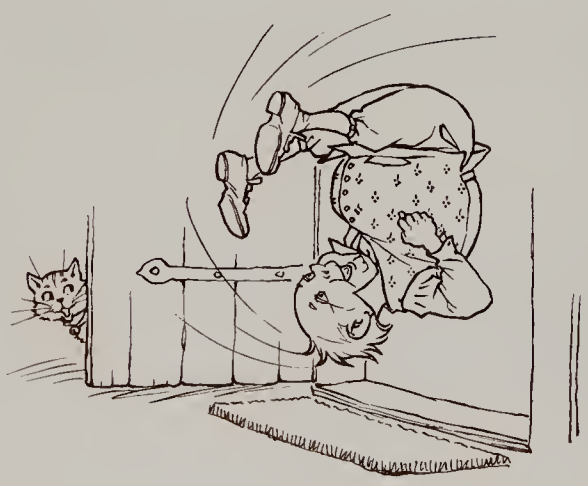
Introduction

Dm7 G7 C7 F F

"You are old, Fath-er Will-iam," the young man said, "And your hair has be-come ve-ry white; And yet you in-ces-sant-ly stand on your head, Do you think, at your age, it is right?

B♭ B♭m F G9 Gm7 C7

F Fmaj7 F7 B♭6 B♭m6 (9) Dm7 G7 C7 F



"In my youth," Father William replied to his son,
"I feared it might injure the brain;
But, now that I'm perfectly sure I have none,
Why, I do it again and again."

"You are old," said the youth, "as I mentioned before,
And have grown most uncommonly fat;
Yet you turned a back-somersault in at the door—
Pray, what is the reason of that?"

"In my youth," said the sage, as he shook his grey locks,
"I kept all my limbs very supple
By the use of this ointment—one shilling the box—
Allow me to sell you a couple."

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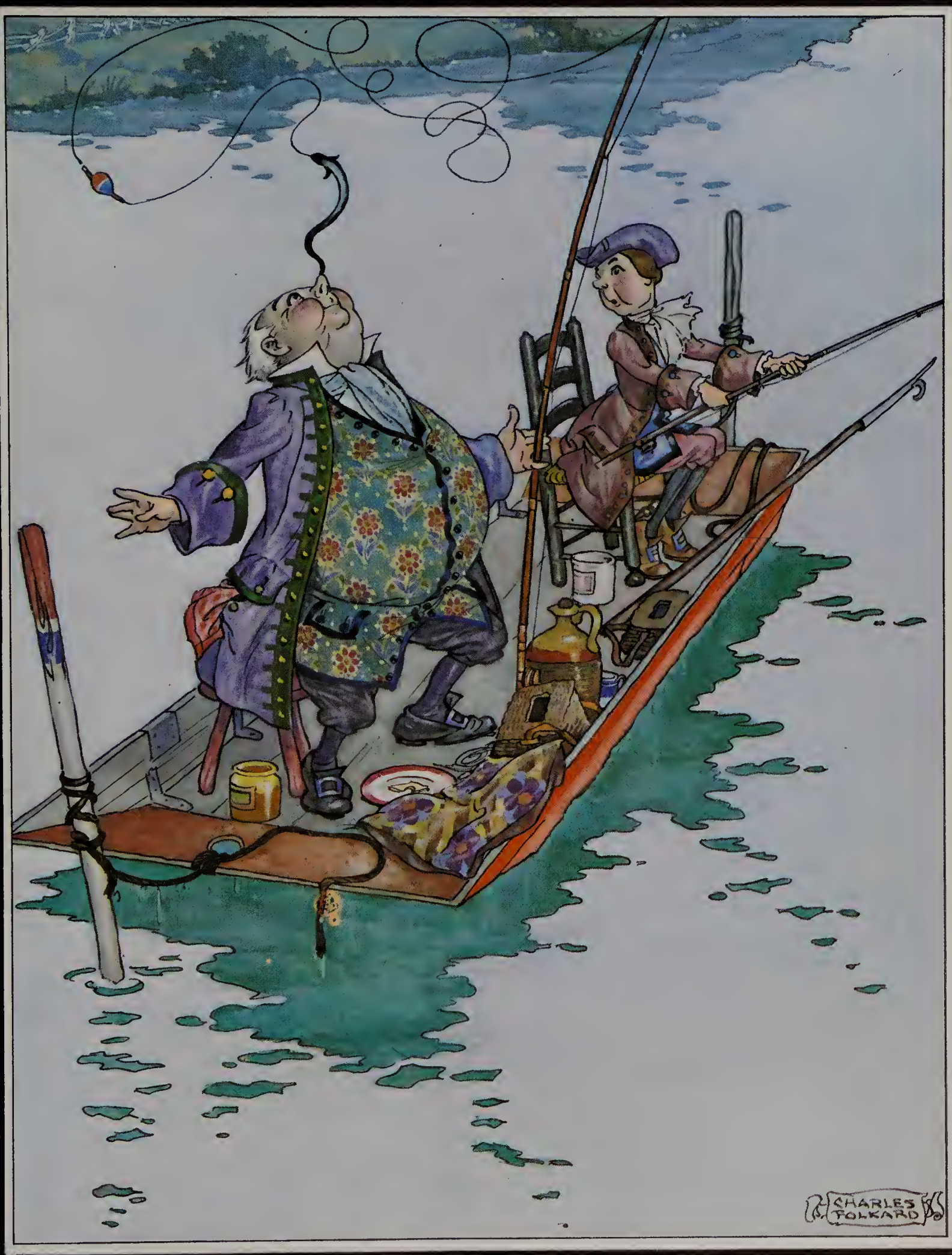
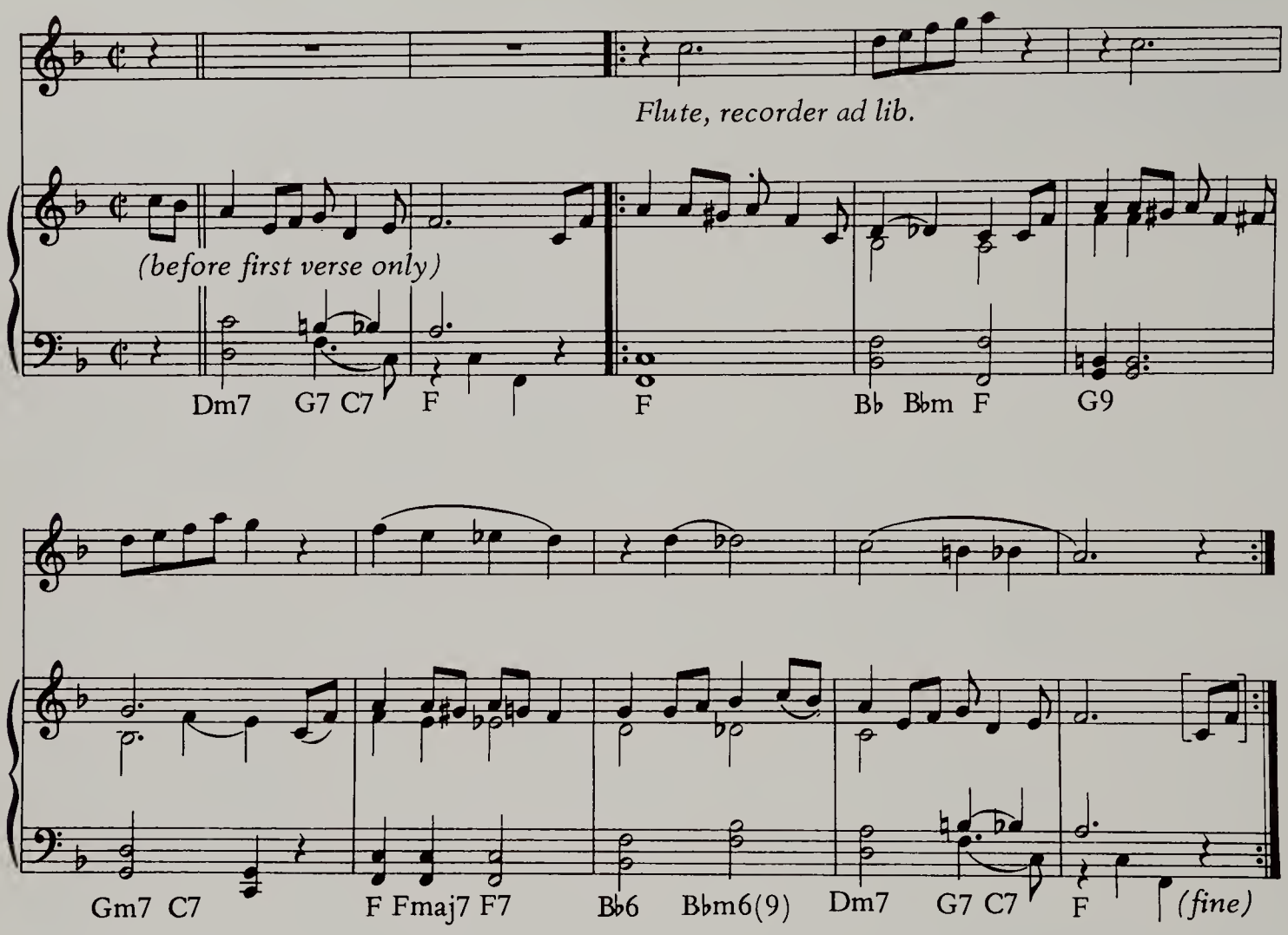


'Yet you balanced an eel on the end of your nose'



"You are old," said the youth, "and your jaws are too weak
For anything tougher than suet;
Yet you finished the goose, with the bones and the beak—
Pray, how did you manage to do it?"

"In my youth," said his father, "I took to the law,
And argued each case with my wife;
And the muscular strength which it gave to my jaw,
Has lasted the rest of my life."

"You are old," said the youth; "one would hardly suppose
That your eye was as steady as ever;
Yet you balanced an eel on the end of your nose—
What made you so awfully clever?"

"I have answered three questions, and that is enough,"
Said his father; "Don't give yourself airs!
Do you think I can listen all day to such stuff?
Be off, or I'll kick you downstairs!"

Twinkle, twinkle, little Bat

♩ = 80

Flute, recorder ad lib.

Introduction

D Dm A7 C° Em9 A9 D A7 D

Twink-le, twink-le, lit - tle bat!

How I won-der what you're at! Up a - bove the world you fly, Like a tea-tray

Em7/A D Em7/A Dmaj7 G D Em7/A

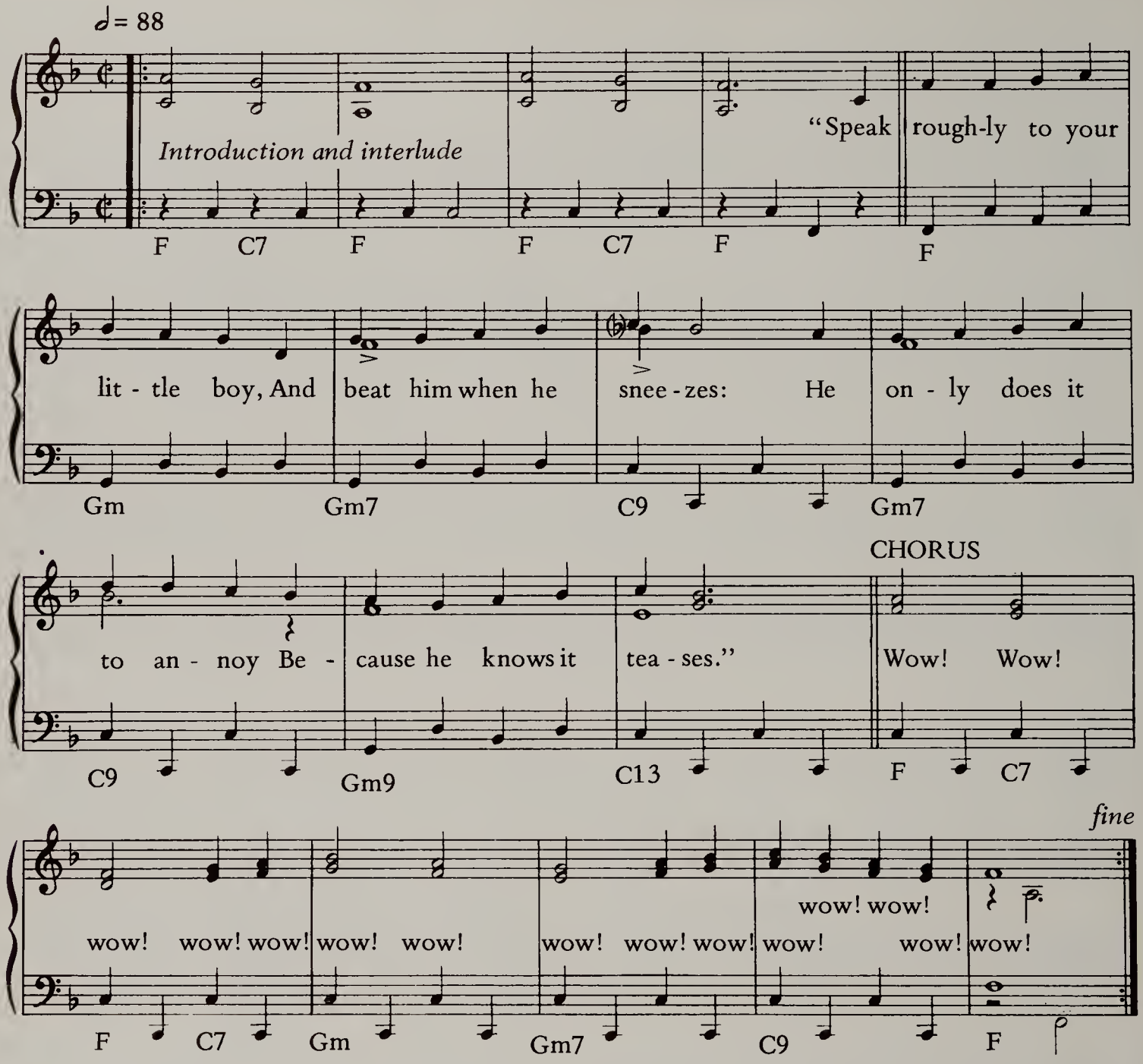
in the sky. Twink-le, twink-le, twink-le, twink-le, twink-le, twink-le,

D Bm7 B + D E9 Em7

twink-le. *fine*

D G D

Pig and Pepper



"I speak severely to my boy,
I beat him when he sneezes;
For he can thoroughly enjoy
The pepper when he pleases!"

Chorus
Wow! wow! wow!

'I speak severely to my boy'

The Lobster Quadrille

♩= 86

Flute, recorder ad lib.

Introduction

Cmaj7 B$^{+}_{7}$ Em

"Will you walk a lit - tle fas - ter?" said a

Em

whit-ing to a snail.

G B7 Em

"There's a por-poise close be-hind me, and he's

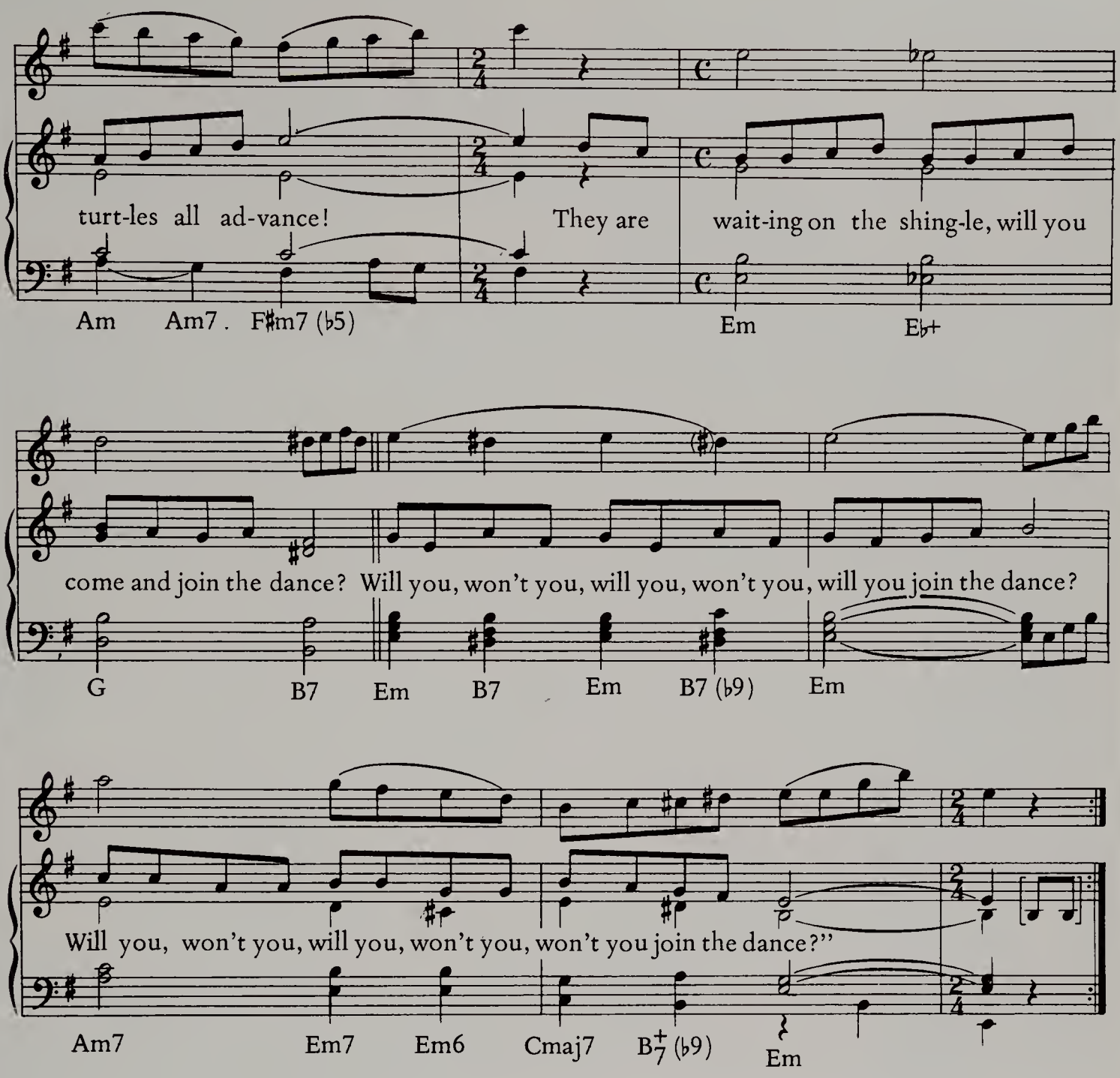
G G+

tread-ing on my tail.

G6 B7 (♭9) Em7

See how eag-er - ly the lob-sters and the

Am E7



"You can really have no notion how delightful it will be,
When they take us up and throw us, with the lobsters, out to sea!"
But the snail replied, "Too far, too far!" and gave a look askance—
Said he thanked the whiting kindly, but he would not join the dance.
Would not, could not, would not, could not, would not join the dance.
Would not, could not, would not, could not, could not join the dance.

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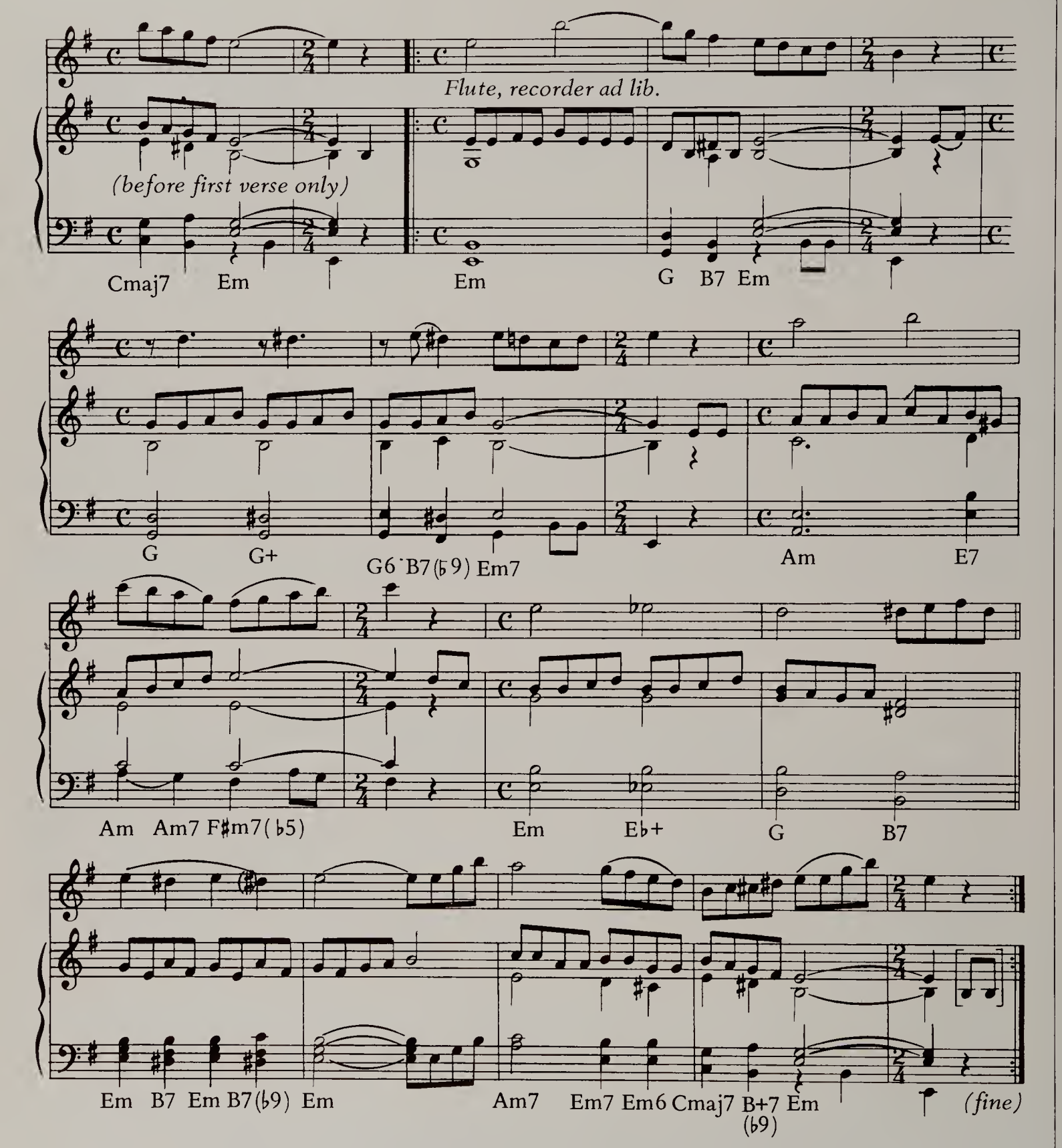
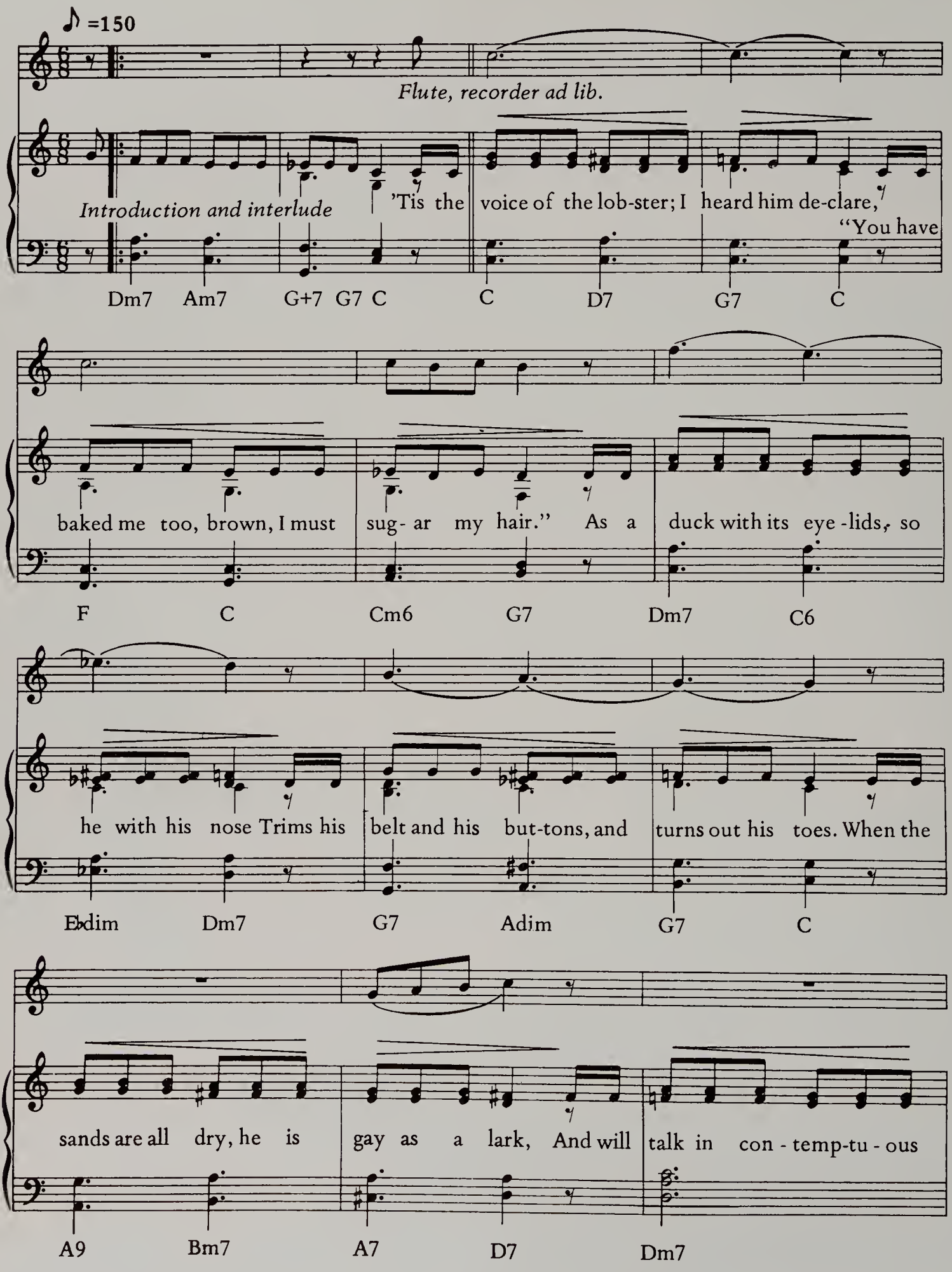


"What matters it how far we go?" his scaly friend replied;
"There is another shore, you know, upon the other side.
The further off from England the nearer is to France—
Then turn not pale, beloved snail, but come and join the dance.
Will you, won't you, will you, won't you, will you join the dance?
Will you, won't you, will you, won't you, won't you join the dance?"

'Will you, won't you, will you, won't you, won't you join the dance?'

'Tis the Voice of the Lobster



tones of the Shark: But, when the tide ris - es and sharks are a - round, His

G7 C Am7 D7 Dm7 G7

1st time 2nd time

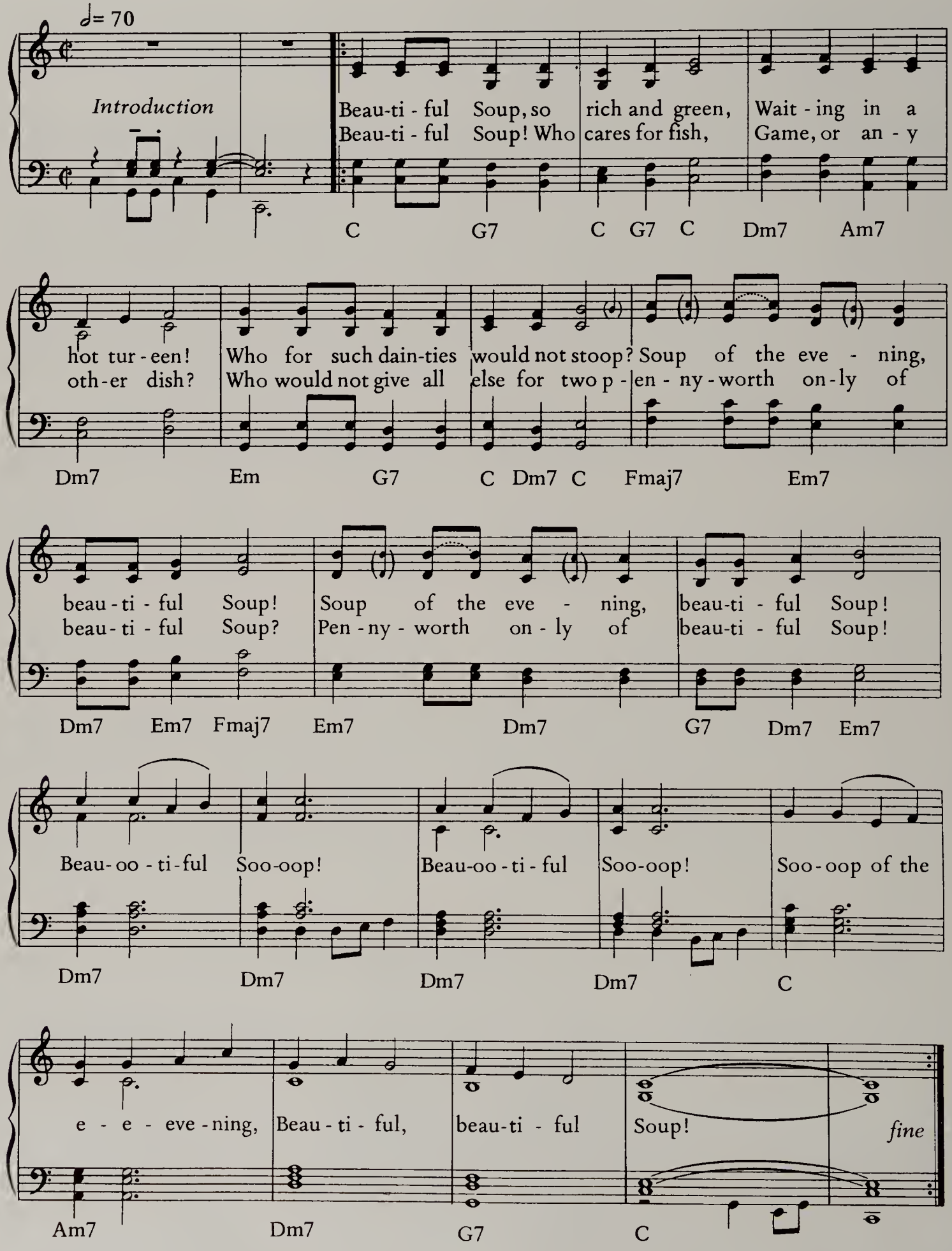
voice has a tim-id and trem-u - lous sound.

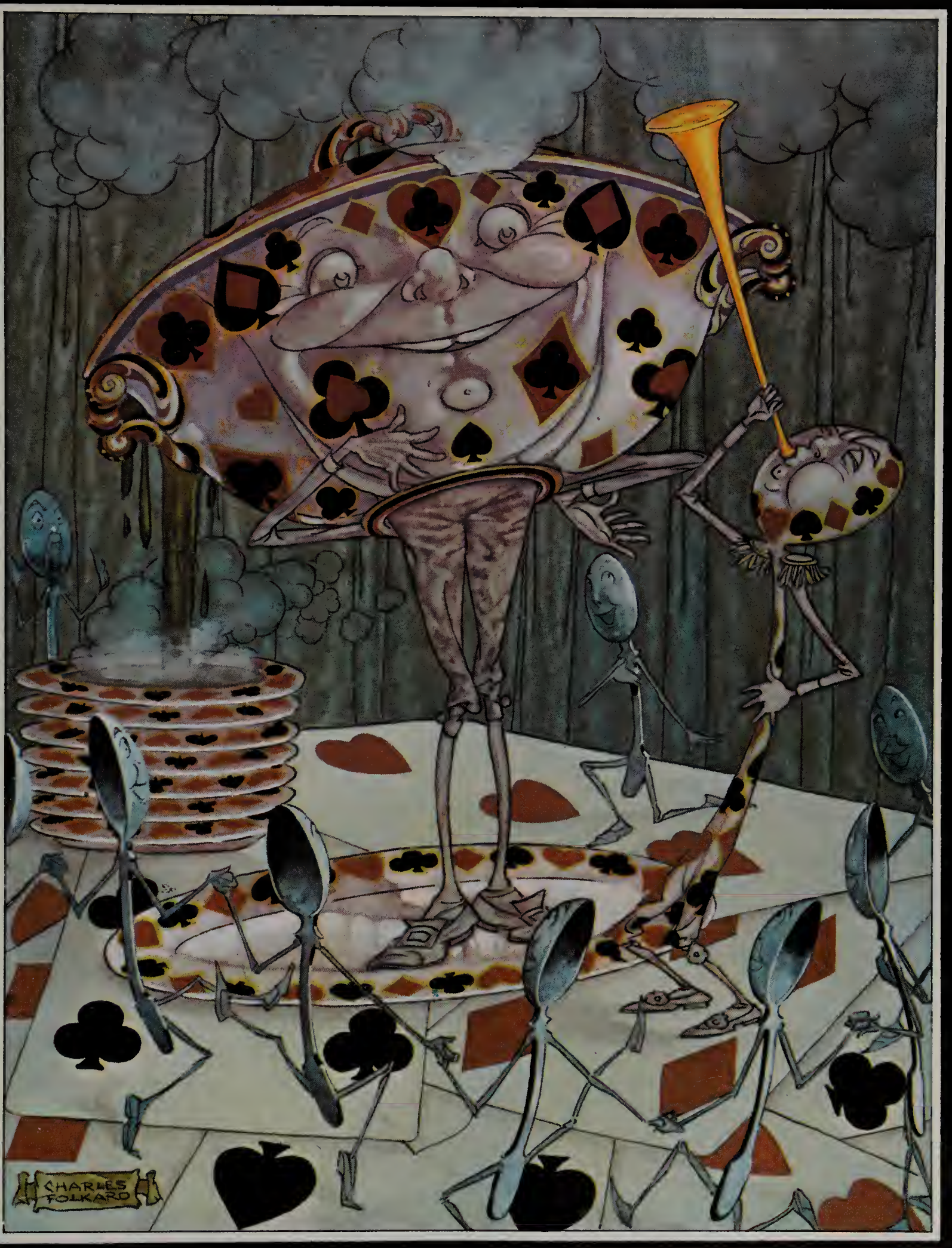
fine

Dm7 Am7 G7 G7 C C

I passed by his garden, and marked, with one eye,
How the Owl and the Panther were sharing a pie;
The Panther took pie-crust, and gravy, and meat,
While the Owl had the dish as its share of the treat.
When the pie was all finished, the Owl, as a boon,
Was kindly permitted to pocket the spoon:
While the Panther received knife and fork with a growl,
And concluded the banquet——

Beautiful Soup





'Beau—ootiful Soo—oop!'

The Queen of Hearts

♩. = 88

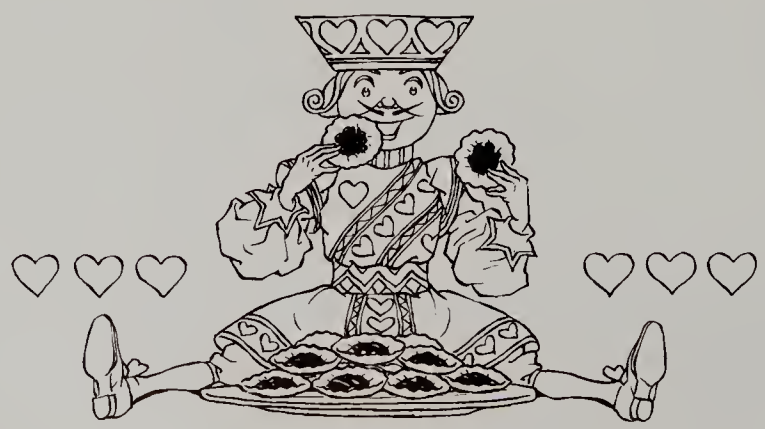
Introduction

The Queen of Hearts, she made some tarts, All on a sum-mer day; The Knave of Hearts, he stole those tarts, And took them quite a-way! a-way! a-way!

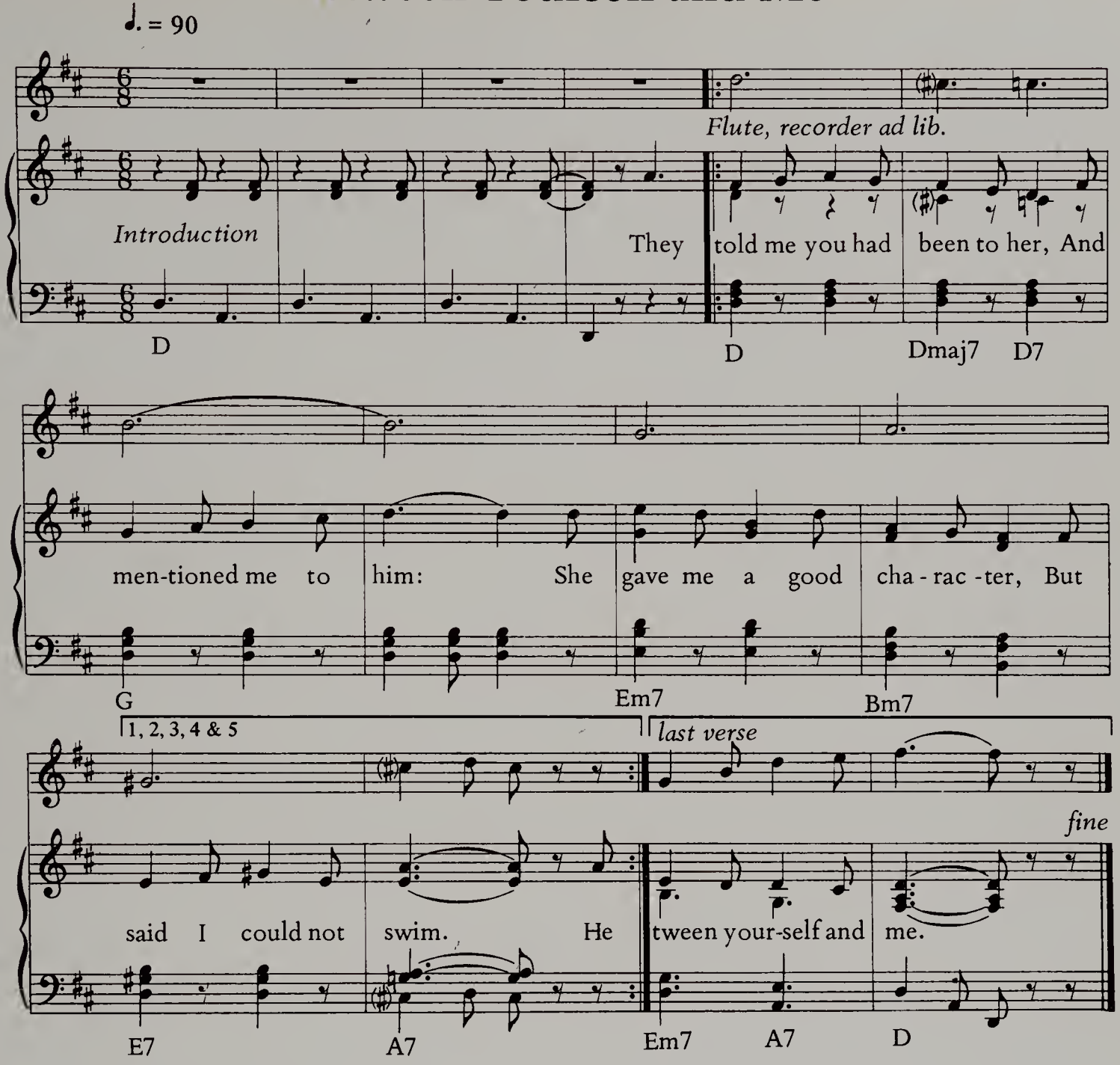
F

fine

Keep repeating and fade gradually.



Between Yourself and Me



He sent them word I had not gone,
(We know it to be true):
If she should push the matter on,
What would become of you?

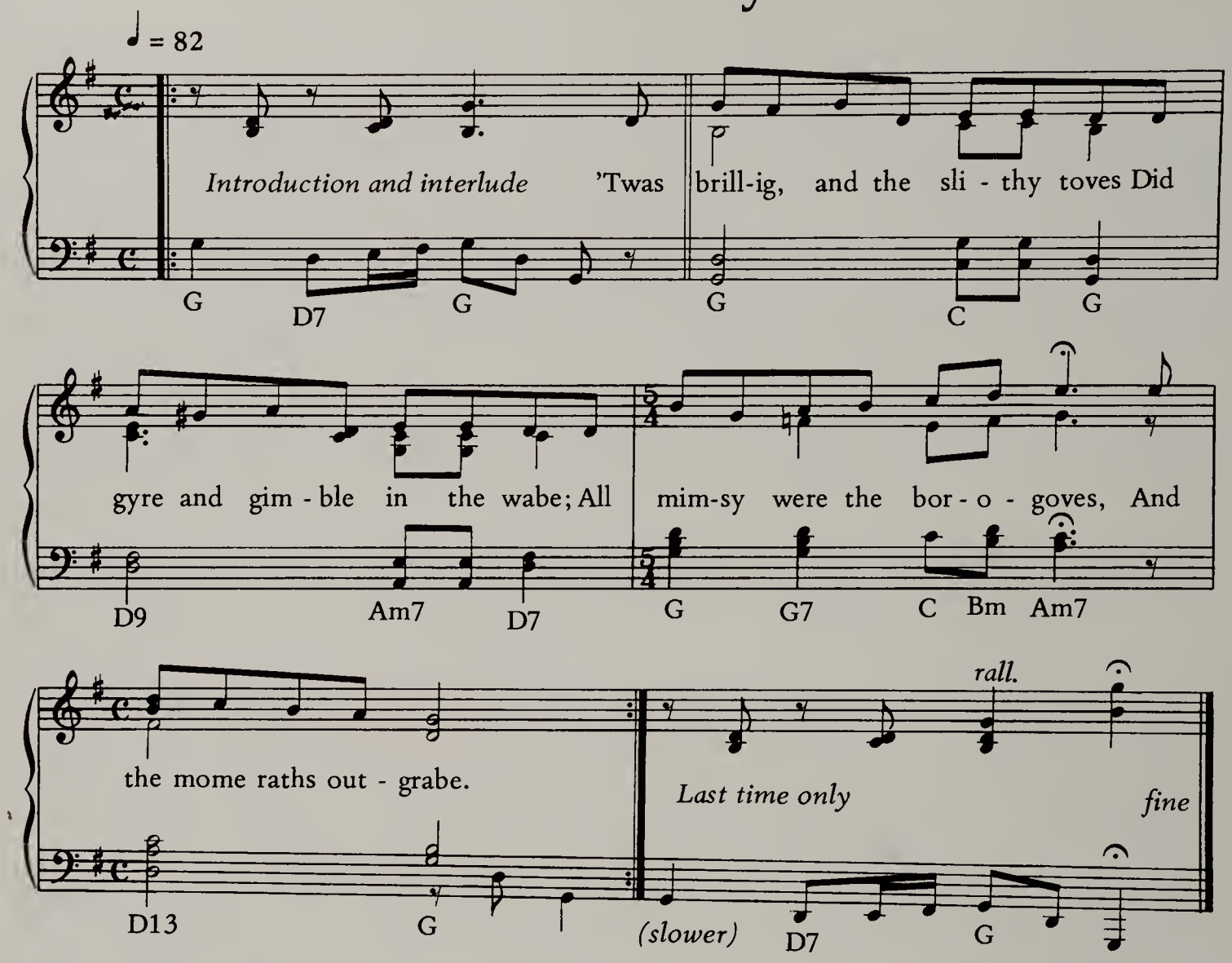
I gave her one, they gave him two,
You gave us three or more;
They all returned from him to you,
Though they were mine before.

If I or she should chance to be
Involved in this affair,
He trusts to you to set them free,
Exactly as we were.

My notion was that you had been
(Before she had this fit)
An obstacle that came between
Him, and ourselves, and it.

Don't let him know she liked them best,
For this must ever be
A secret, kept from all the rest,
Between yourself and me.

Jabberwocky



"Beware the Jabberwock, my son!
The jaws that bite, the claws that catch!
Beware the Jubjub bird, and shun
The frumious Bandersnatch!"

He took his vorpal sword in hand:
Long time the manxome foe he sought—
So rested he by the Tumtum tree,
And stood awhile in thought.

And as in uffish thought he stood,
The Jabberwock, with eyes of flame,
Came whiffling through the tulgey wood,
And burbled as it came!

One, two! One, two! And through and through
The vorpal blade went snicker-snack!
He left it dead, and with its head
He went galumphing back.

"And hast thou slain the Jabberwock?
Come to my arms, my beamish boy!
O frabjous day! Callooh! Callay!"
He chortled in his joy.

'Twas brillig, and the slithy toves
Did gyre and gimble in the wabe;
All mimsy were the borogoves,
And the mome raths outgrabe.

'Beware the Jabberwock, my son!'

Tweedledum and Tweedledee

♩ = 82

Flute, recorder ad lib.

Introduction

Twee-dle-dum and Twee-dle-dee A-

C Cmaj7

greed to have a bat - tle; For Twee-dle - dum said Twee-dle - dee Had

C7 F Fm

spoiled his nice new rat - tle. Just then flew down a mon-strous crow, As

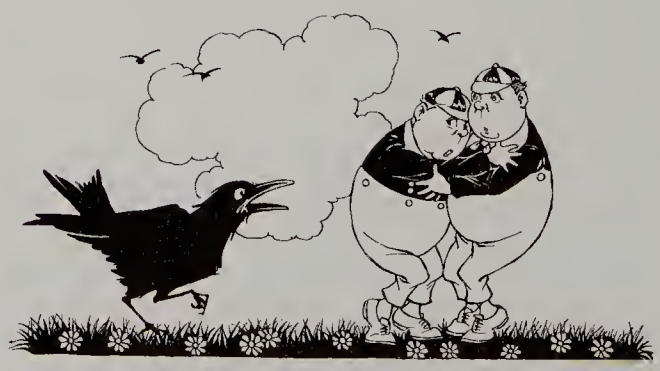
G13 C Cmaj7

black as a tar bar - rel; Which fright-ened both the her - oes so, They

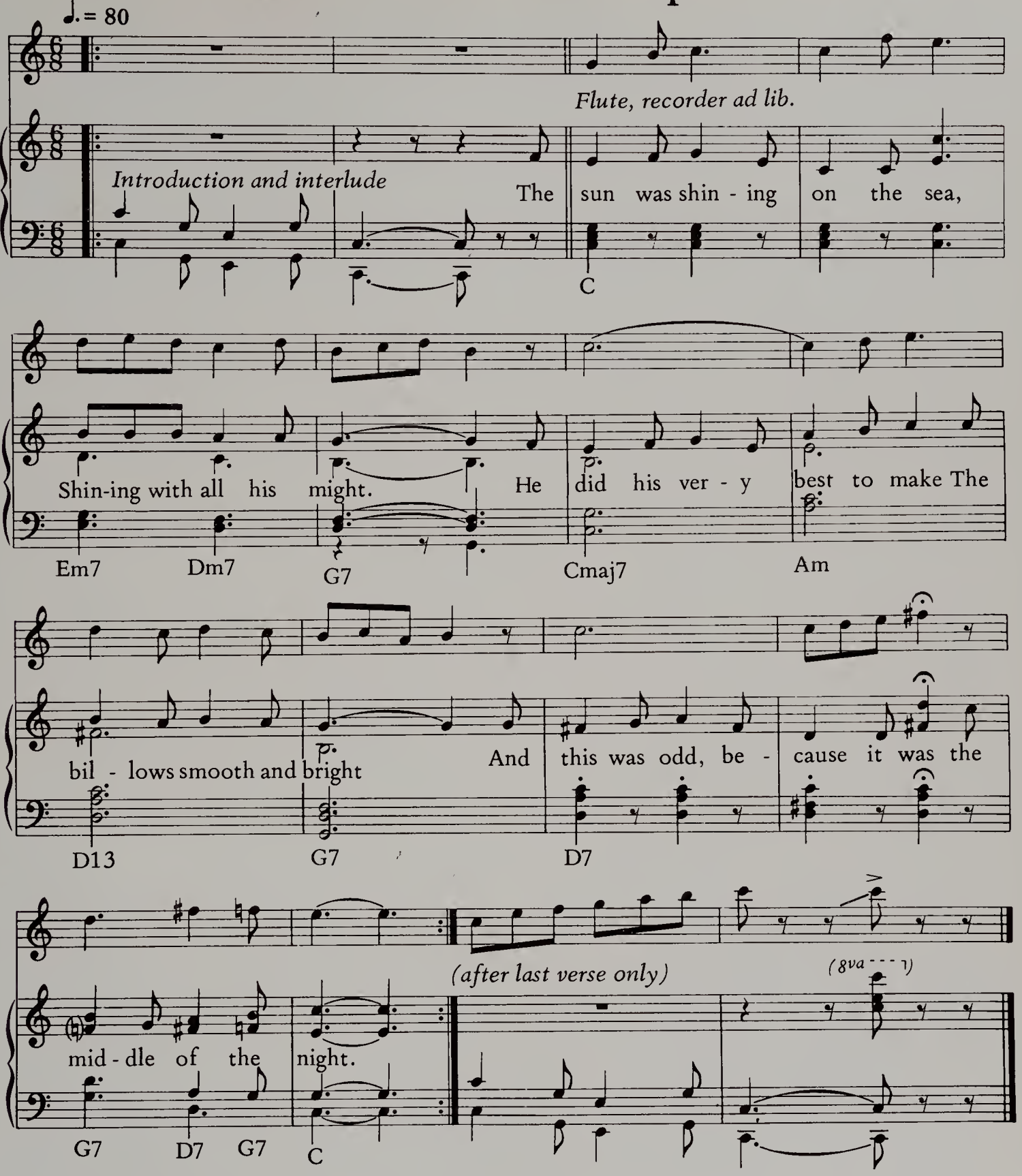
C7 F Fm

quite for-got their quar-rel. *fine*

G7 C



The Walrus and the Carpenter



The moon was shining sulkily,
Because she thought the sun
Had got no business to be there
After the day was done—
"It's very rude of him," she said,
"To come and spoil the fun!"

The sea was wet as wet could be,
The sands were dry as dry.
You could not see a cloud, because
No cloud was in the sky:
No birds were flying overhead—
There were no birds to fly.

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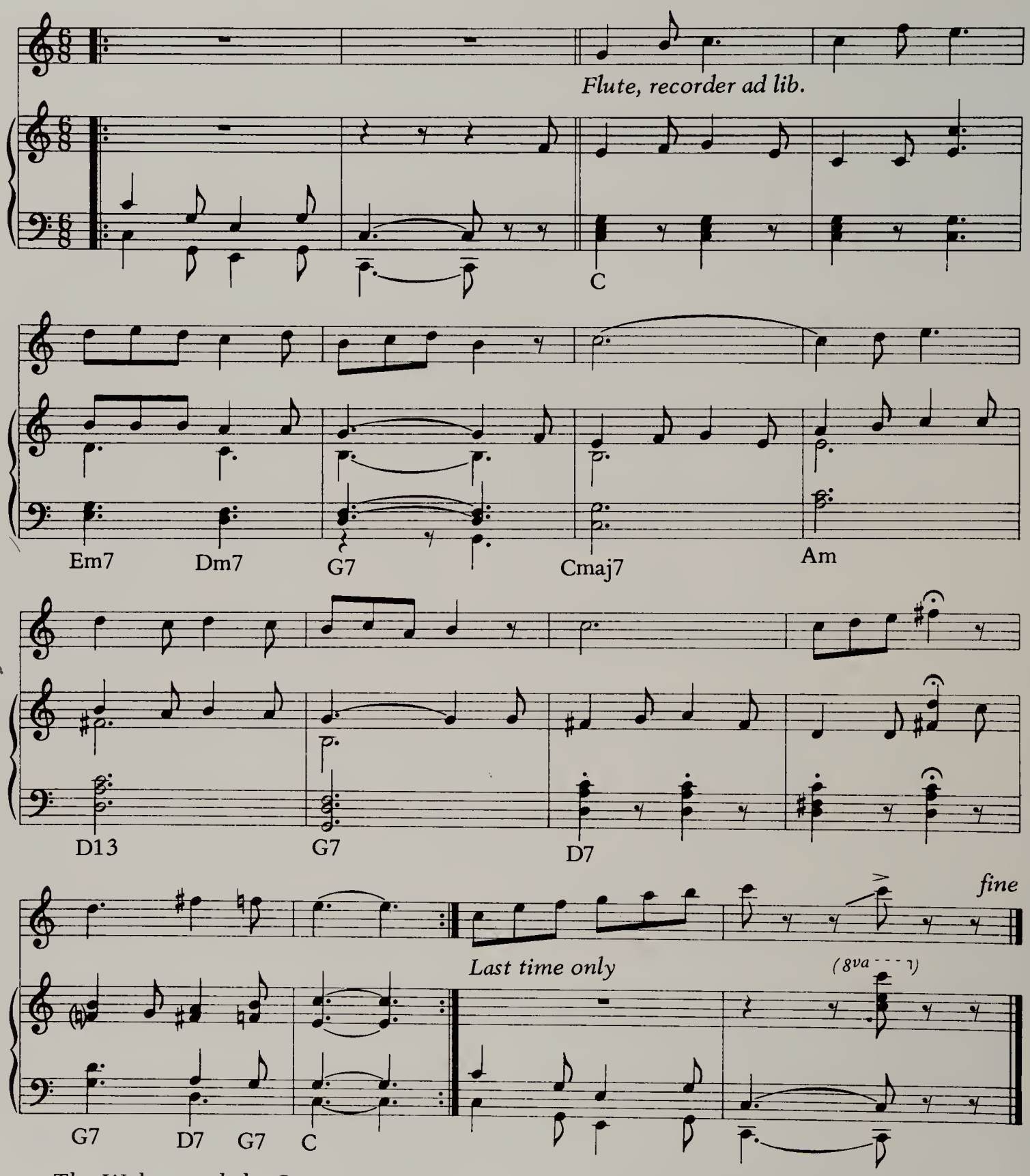

The Walrus and the Carpenter
Were walking close at hand;
They wept like anything to see
Such quantities of sand:
"If this were only cleared away,"
They said, "it would be grand!"

"If seven maids with seven mops
Swept it for half a year,
Do you suppose," the Walrus said,
"That they could get it clear?"
"I doubt it," said the Carpenter,
And shed a bitter tear.

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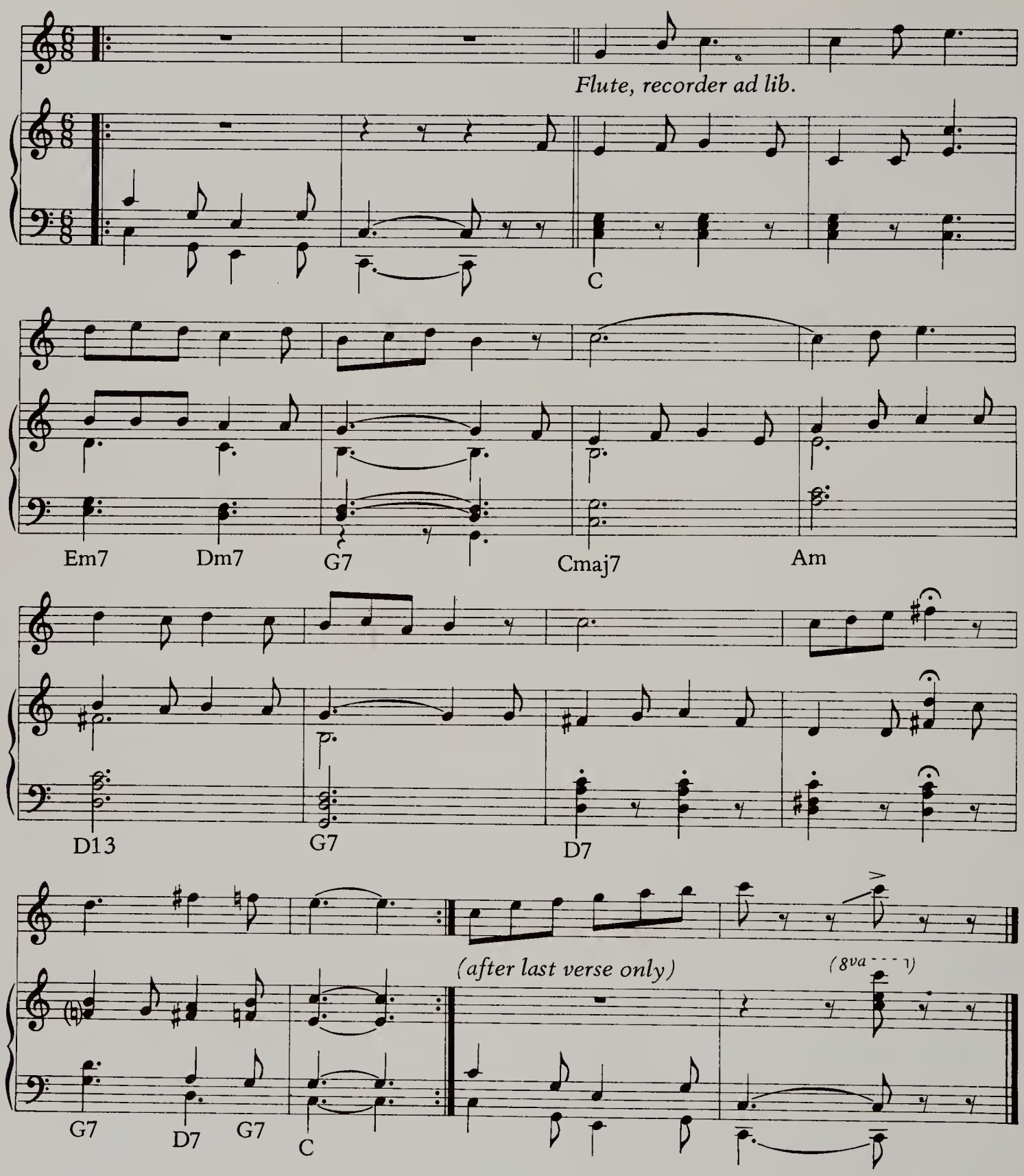
'They wept like anything to see such quantities of sand'



"O Oysters, come and walk with us!"
The Walrus did beseech.
"A pleasant walk, a pleasant talk,
Along the briny beach:
We cannot do with more than four,
To give a hand to each."

The eldest Oyster looked at him,
But never a word he said:
The eldest Oyster winked his eye,
And shook his heavy head—
Meaning to say he did not choose
To leave the oyster-bed.

But four young Oysters hurried up,
All eager for the treat:
Their coats were brushed, their faces washed,
Their shoes were clean and neat—
And this was odd, because, you know,
They hadn't any feet.

Four other Oysters followed them,
And yet another four;
And thick and fast they came at last,
And more, and more, and more—
All hopping through the frothy waves,
And scrambling to the shore.

The Walrus and the Carpenter
Walked on a mile or so,
And then they rested on a rock
Conveniently low:
And all the little Oysters stood
And waited in a row.

"The time has come," the Walrus said,
"To talk of many things:
Of shoes—and ships—and sealing-wax—
Of cabbages—and kings—
And why the sea is boiling hot—
And whether pigs have wings."

"But wait a bit," the Oysters cried,
"Before we have our chat;
For some of us are out of breath,
And all of us are fat!"
"No hurry!" said the Carpenter:
They thanked him much for that.

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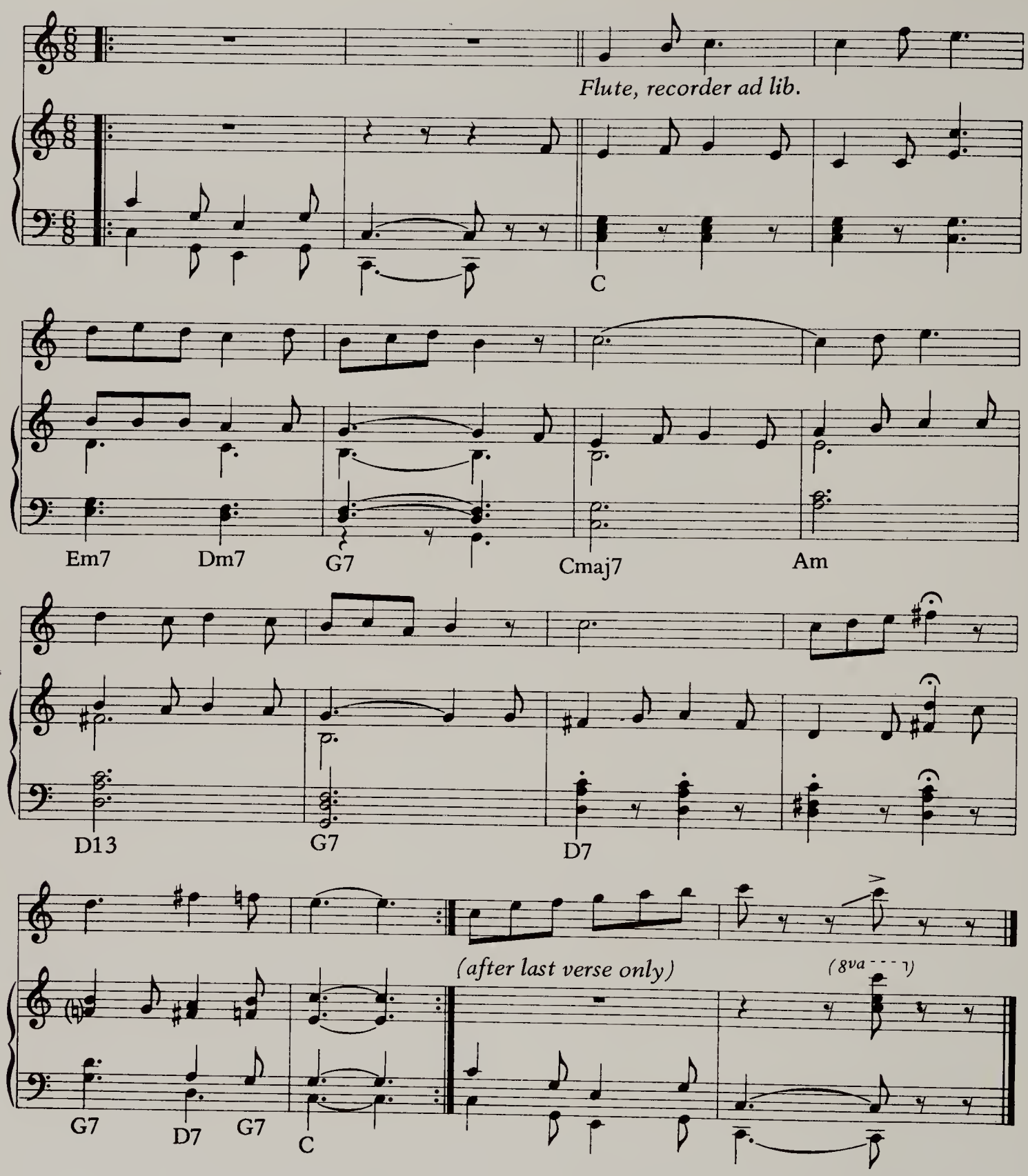


"A loaf of bread," the Walrus said,
"Is what we chiefly need:
Pepper and vinegar besides
Are very good indeed—
Now, if you're ready, Oysters dear,
We can begin to feed."

"But not on us!" the Oysters cried,
Turning a little blue.
"After such kindness, that would be
A dismal thing to do!"
"The night is fine," the Walrus said.
"Do you admire the view?"

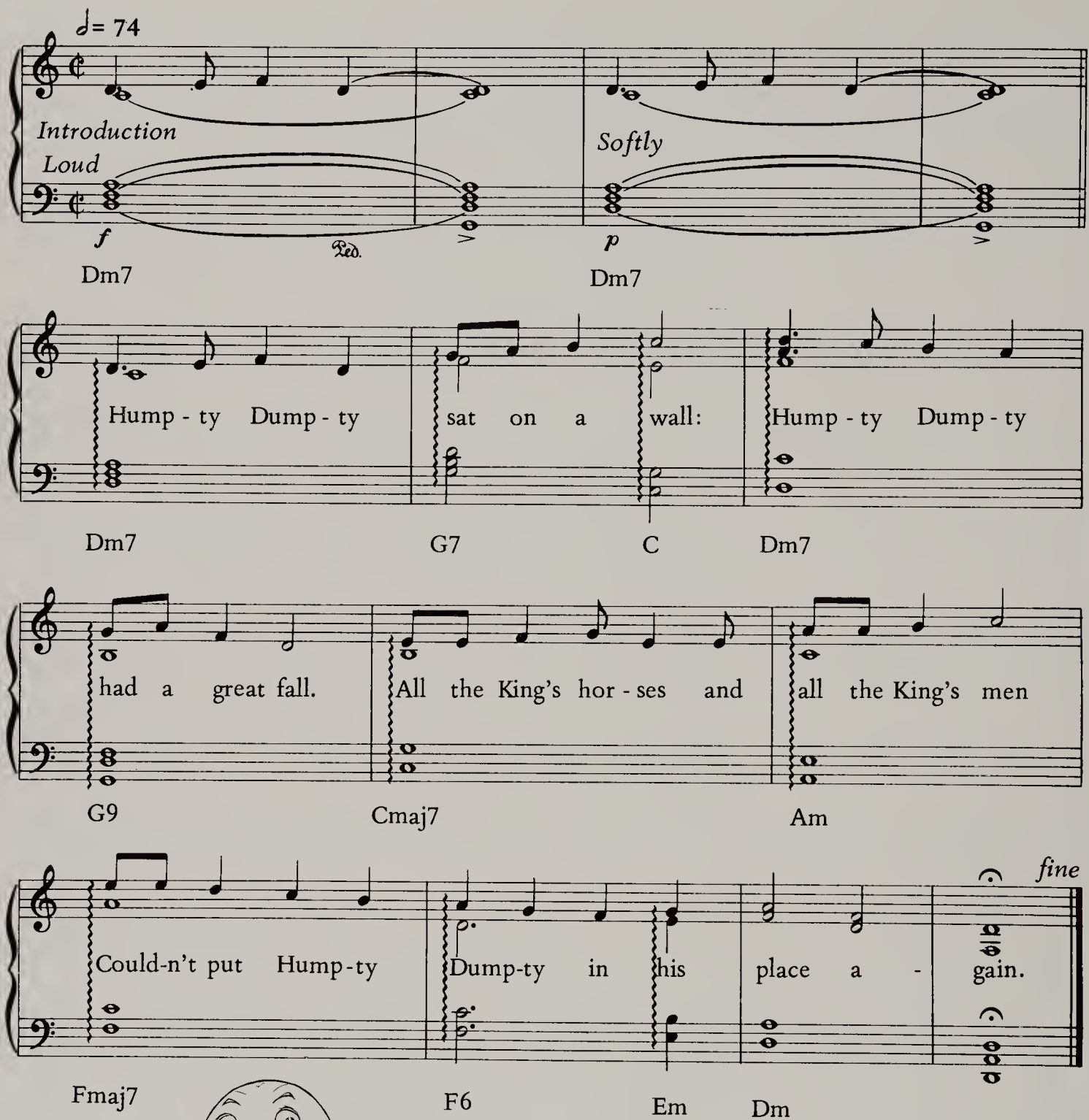
"It was so kind of you to come!
And you are very nice!"
The Carpenter said nothing but
"Cut us another slice:
I wish you were not quite so deaf—
I've had to ask you twice!"

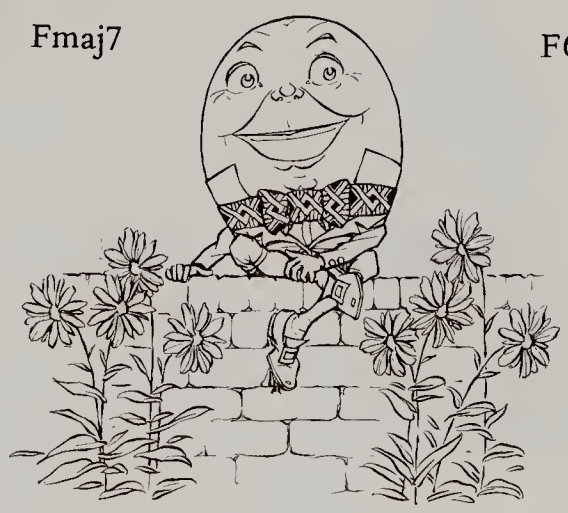
"It seems a shame," the Walrus said,
"To play them such a trick,
After we've brought them out so far,
And made them trot so quick!"
The Carpenter said nothing, but
"The butter's spread too thick!"

"I weep for you," the Walrus said:
"I deeply sympathize."
With sobs and tears he sorted out
Those of the largest size,
Holding his pocket-handkerchief
Before his streaming eyes.

"O Oysters," said the Carpenter,
"You've had a pleasant run!
Shall we be trotting home again?"
But answer came there none—
And this was scarcely odd, because
They'd eaten every one.

Humpty Dumpty





Little Fishes

♩ = 94

Flute, recorder ad lib.

Introduction

(melody is lower part)

In win-ter, when the fields are white, I

Boogie woogie style

G7

sing this song for your de - light. In spring, when woods are get - ting green, I'll

C7

F7

1,2 *etc.*

last verse only

try and tell you what I mean. In

B♭7

B♭7

A7 A♭7 B♭

In summer, when the days are long,
Perhaps you'll understand my song:

In autumn, when the leaves are brown,
Take pen and ink, and write it down.

I sent a message to the fish:
I told them "This is what I wish."

The little fishes of the sea,
They sent an answer back to me.

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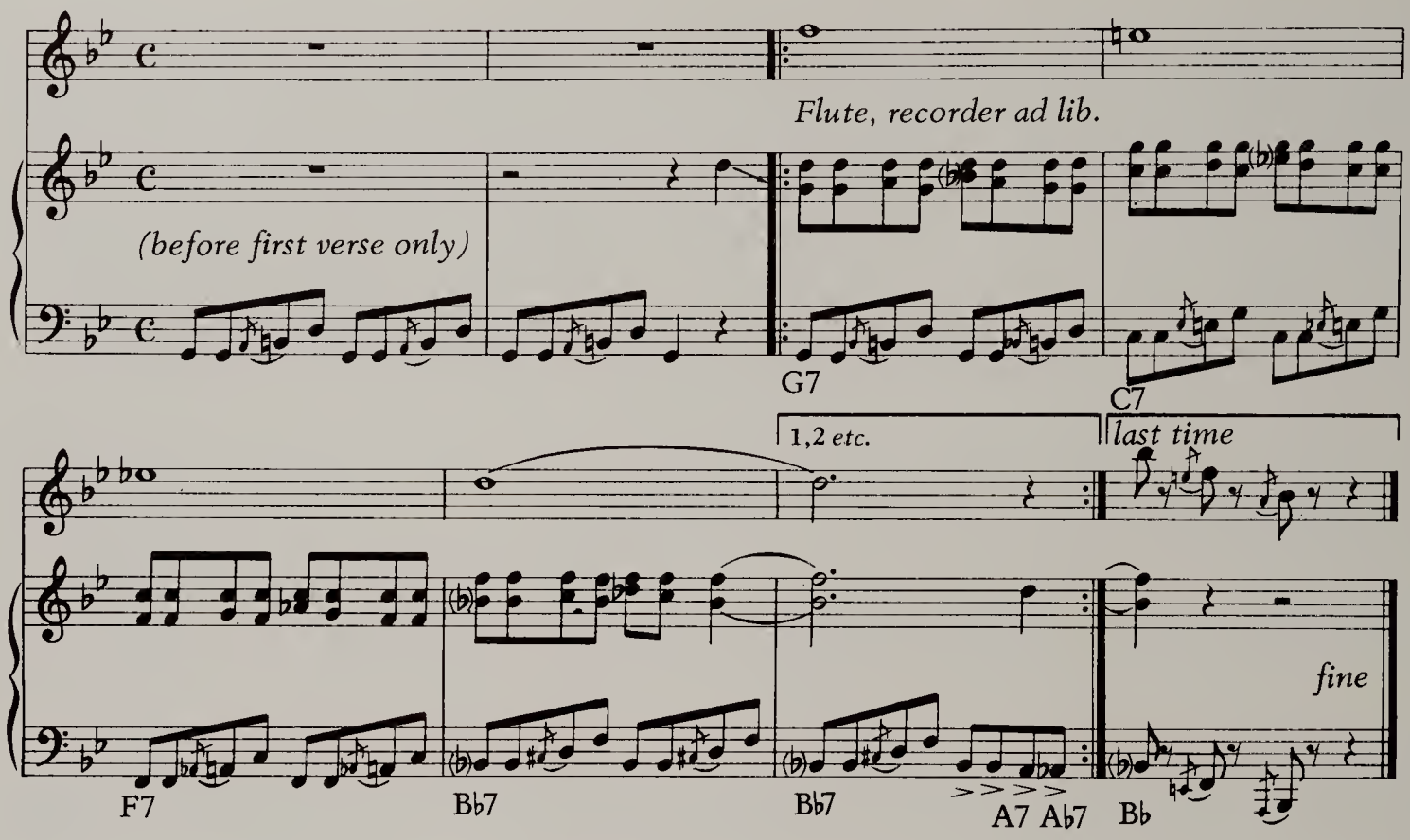


The little fishes' answer was
"We cannot do it, Sir, because——"

I sent to them again to say
"It will be better to obey."

The fishes answered, with a grin,
"Why, what a temper you are in!"

I told them once, I told them twice:
They would not listen to advice.

I took a kettle large and new,
Fit for the deed I had to do.

My heart went hop, my heart went thump;
I filled the kettle at the pump.

Then someone came to me, and said
"The little fishes are in bed."

I said to him, I said it plain,
"Then you must wake them up again."

I said it very loud and clear;
I went and shouted in his ear.

But he was very stiff and proud;
He said "You needn't shout so loud!"

And he was very proud and stiff;
He said "I'd go and wake them, if——"

I took a corkscrew from the shelf:
I went to wake them up myself.

And when I found the door was locked,
I pulled and pushed, and kicked and knocked.

And when I found the door was shut,
I tried to turn the handle, but——

'I went and shouted in his ear'

The Lion and the Unicorn

♩ = 98

Flute, recorder ad lib.

Introduction The Li - on and the U - ni-corn were fight-ing for the crown; The

Gm7 C7 F A+7 Dm7

Li - on beat the U - ni-corn all round the town. Some gave them white bread and

G G7 Cmaj7 C Am

some gavé them brown; Some gave them plum cake and

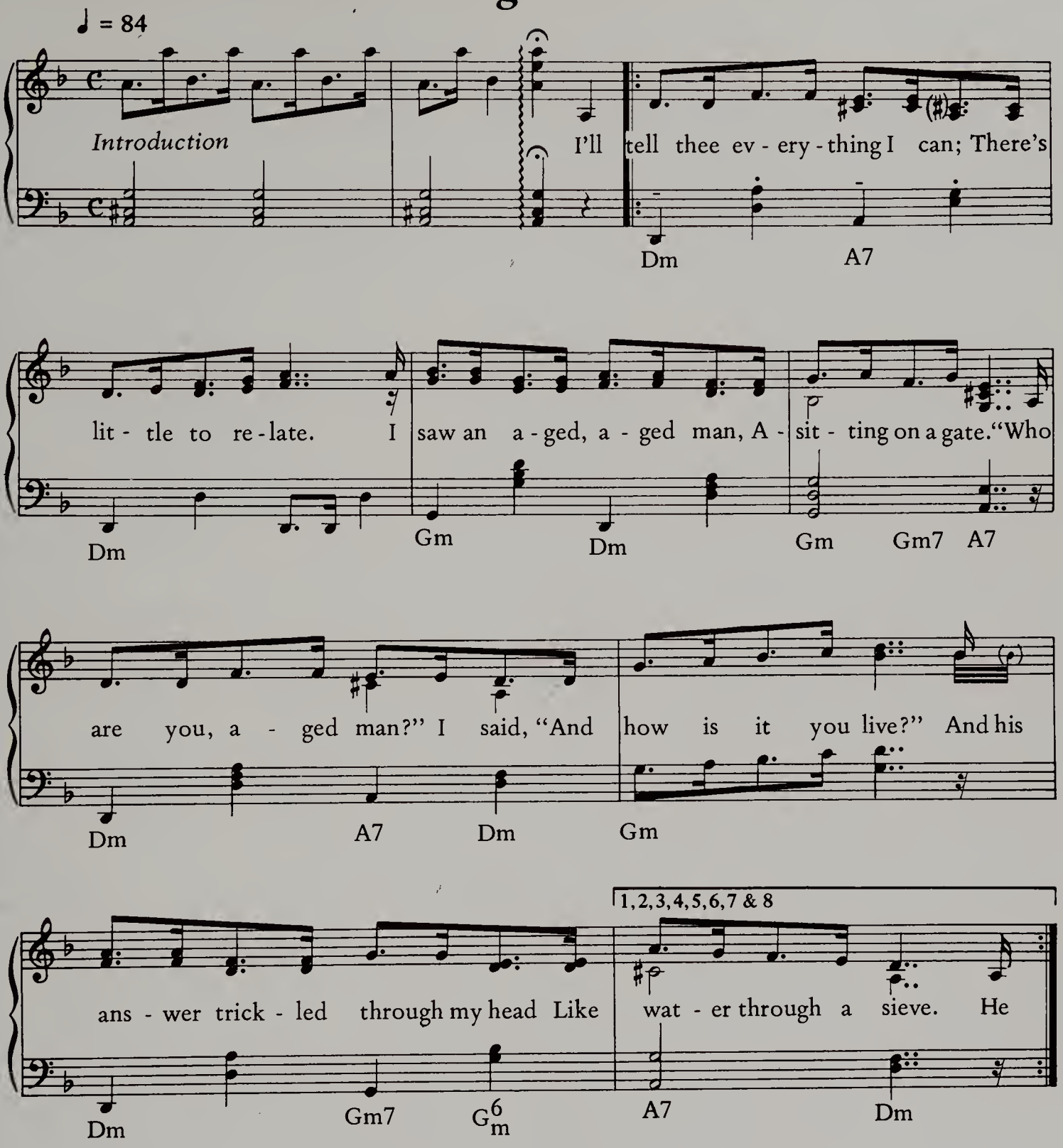
Dm7 G7 Am Am7 Dm9

fine

drummed them out of town.

G7 (13) C

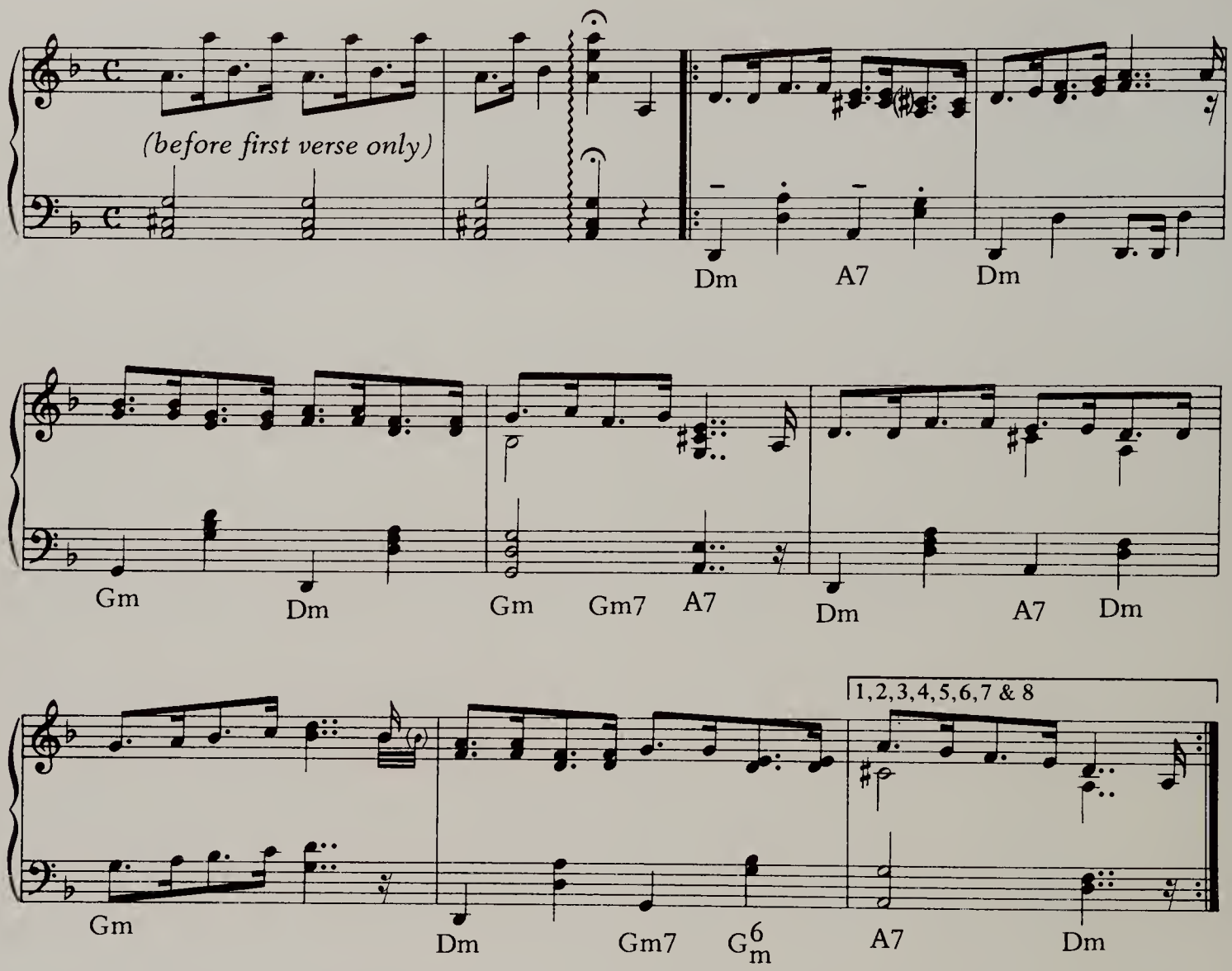
A-Sitting on a Gate



He said, "I look for butterflies
That sleep among the wheat:
I make them into mutton pies,
And sell them in the street.
I sell them unto men," he said,
"Who sail on stormy seas;
And that's the way I get my bread—
A trifle, if you please."

But I was thinking of a plan
To dye one's whiskers green,
And always use so large a fan
That they could not be seen.
So, having no reply to give
To what the old man said,
I cried, "Come, tell me how you live!"
And thumped him on the head.

continued overleaf



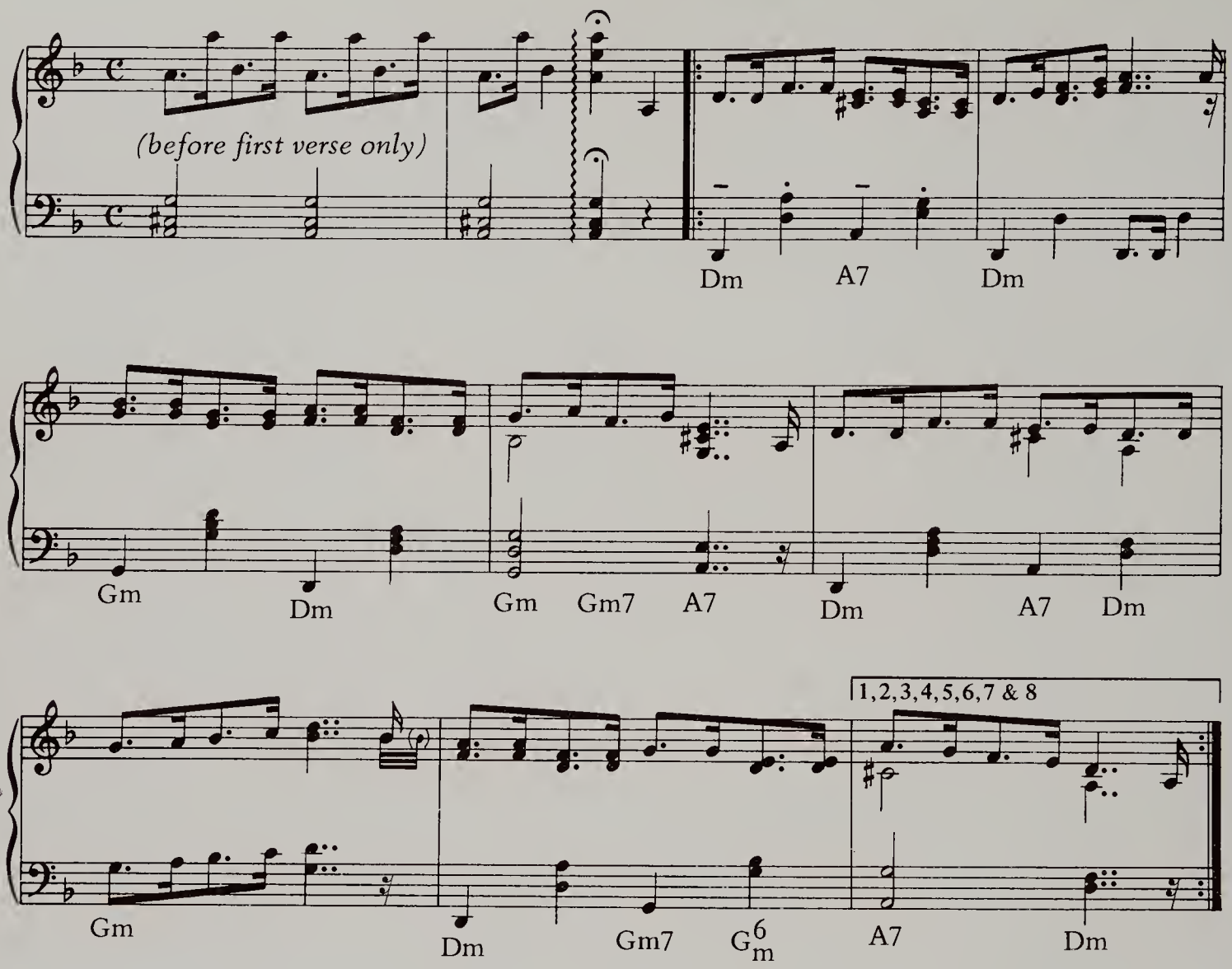
His accents mild took up the tale:
He said, "I go my ways,
And when I find a mountain-rill,
I set it in a blaze;
And thence they make a stuff they call
Rowlands' Macassar Oil—
Yet twopence-halfpenny is all
They give me for my toil!"

But I was thinking of a way
To feed oneself on batter,
And so go on from day to day
Getting a little fatter.
I shook him well from side to side,
Until his face was blue:
"Come, tell me how you live," I cried,
"And what it is you do!"

He said, "I hunt for haddocks' eyes
Among the heather bright,
And work them into waistcoat-buttons
In the silent night.
And these I do not sell for gold
Or coin of silvery shine,
But for a copper halfpenny,
And that will purchase nine.

continued overleaf

'He said, "I look for butterflies that sleep among the wheat"'



"I sometimes dig for buttered rolls,
Or set limed twigs for crabs;
I sometimes search the grassy knolls
For wheels of Hansom-cabs.
And that's the way" (he gave a wink)
"By which I get my wealth—
And very gladly will I drink
Your Honour's noble health."

I heard him then, for I had just
Completed my design
To keep the Menai bridge from rust
By boiling it in wine.
I thanked him much for telling me
The way he got his wealth,
But chiefly for his wish that he
Might drink my noble health.

And now, if e'er by chance I put
My fingers into glue,
Or madly squeeze a right-hand foot
Into a left-hand shoe,
Or if I drop upon my toe
A very heavy weight,
I weep, for it reminds me so Of

9

(3 times)

that old man I used to know, Whose
look was mild, whose speech was slow, Whose
face was ver - y like a crow, With
seemed dis-trac - ted with his woe, Who

A+7 Dm A7 A+7 A7

hair was whi - ter than the snow, Whose
eyes, like cin - ders, all a - glow, Who
rocked his bod - y to and fro, And
mut-tered mum-bling-ly and low, As

Dm Dm7 D7 Am7 D7

if his mouth were full of dough, Who
snort - ed like a buf - fa - lo That

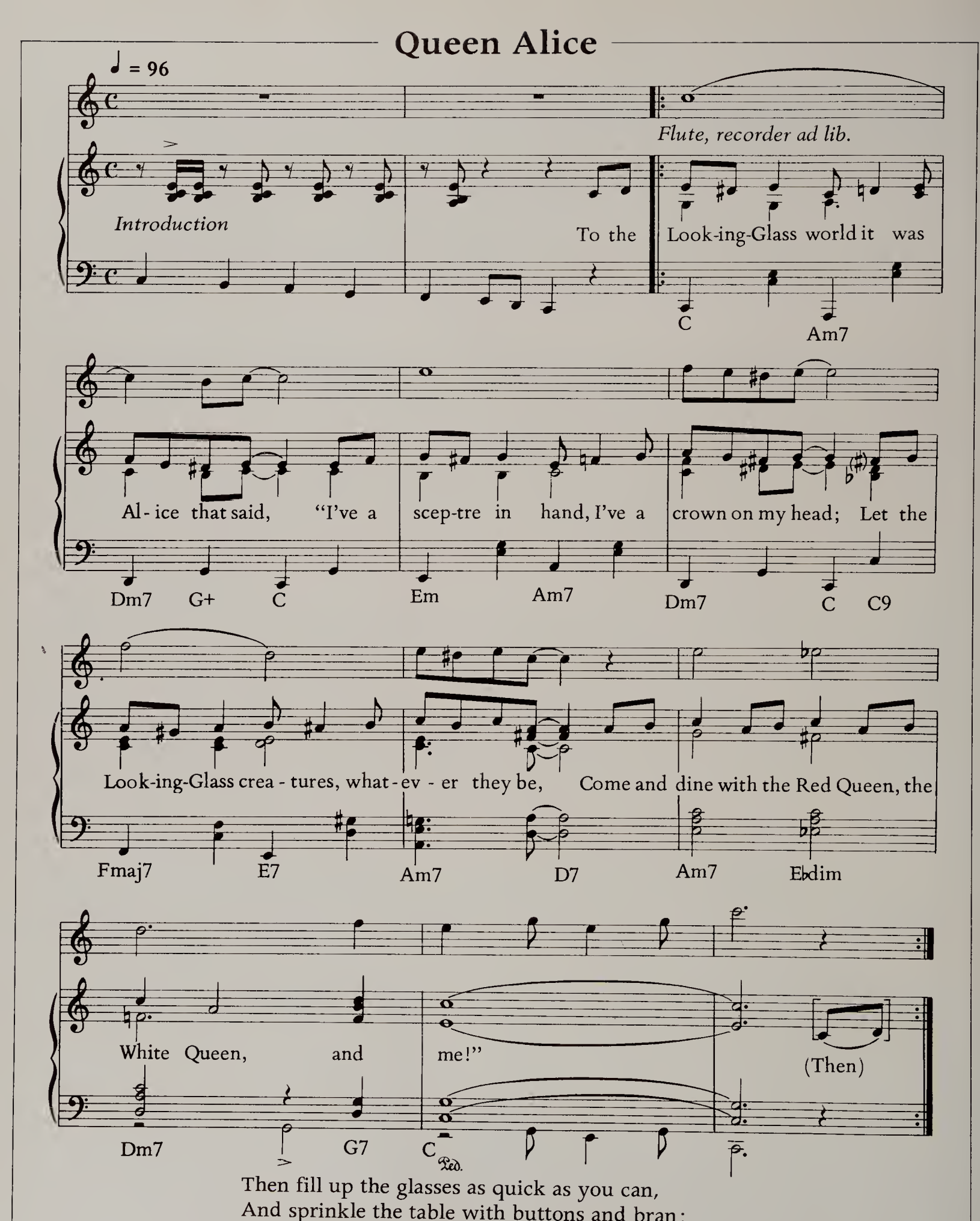
Gm D7 Gm A7 Em7 Fdim

fine

sum - mer eve - ning long a - go, A - sit - ting on a gate.

A7 Em 7 Fdim A7 D

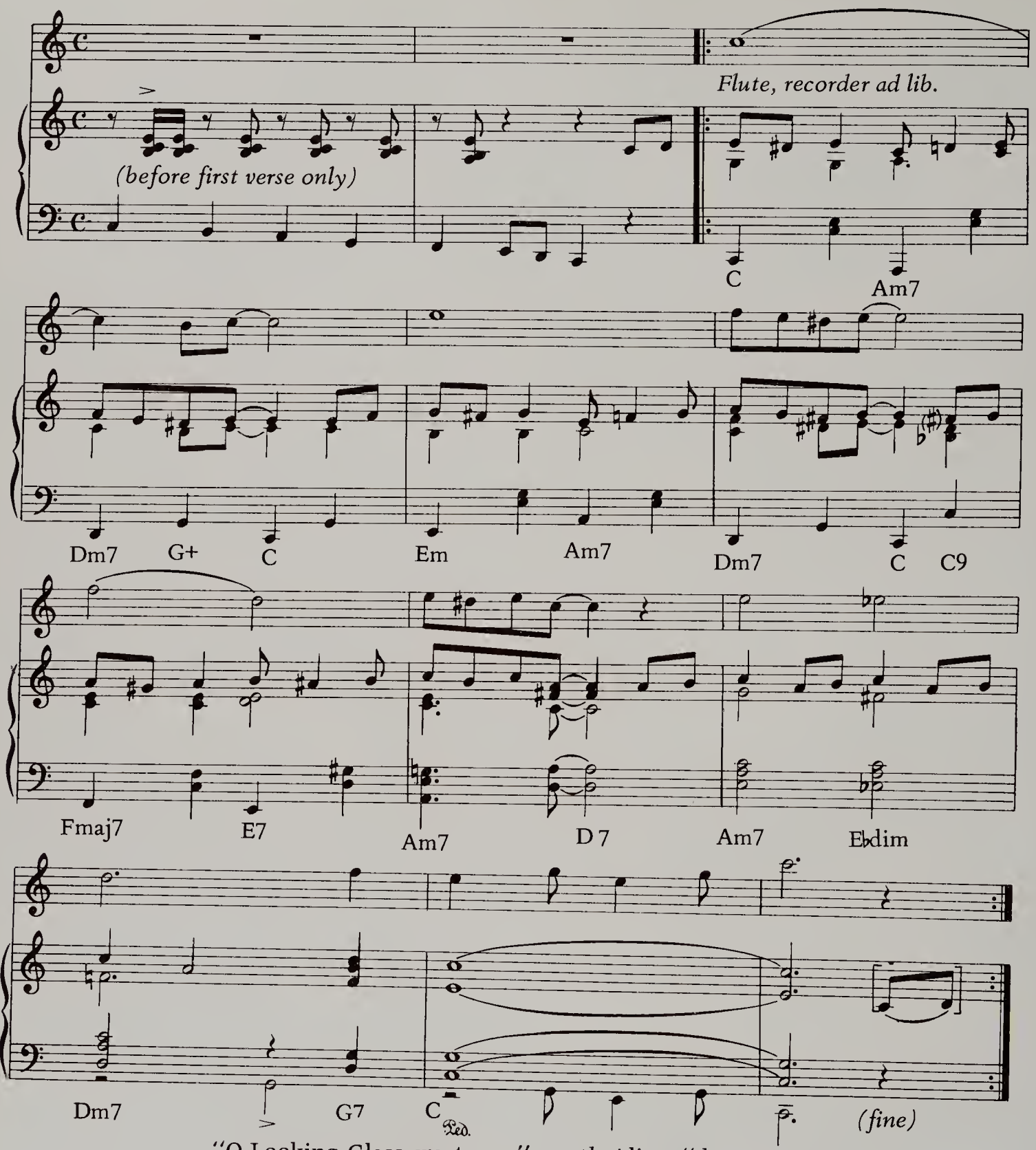
Queen Alice



Then fill up the glasses as quick as you can,
And sprinkle the table with buttons and bran:
Put cats in the coffee, and mice in the tea—
And welcome Queen Alice with thirty-times-three!

continued overleaf

'Then fill up the glasses with treacle and ink'



"O Looking-Glass creatures," quoth Alice, "draw near!
'Tis an honour to see me, a favour to hear:
'Tis a privilege high to have dinner and tea
Along with the Red Queen, the White Queen, and me!"

Then fill up the glasses with treacle and ink,
Or anything else that is pleasant to drink;
Mix sand with the cider, and wool with the wine—
And welcome Queen Alice with ninety-times-nine!

Hush-a-by Lady in Alice's Lap

♩ = 122

Flute, recorder ad lib.

Introduction

Hush - a - by Lad - y, in Al - i - ce's

G7 C C Am7 Dm7 G7

lap! Till the feast's read - y, we've time for a nap:

C Cmaj7 Fmaj7 Dm7 C

When the feast's ov - er, we'll go to the ball – Red Queen, and

Em Fmaj7 D7 G7 C Fmaj7

fine

rall.

White Queen, and Al - ice, and all!

Em7 Am7 Dm7 G7 C

The Fish Riddle

♩.= 82

Flute, recorder ad lib.

Bell

(Introduction, interlude and coda)

F7 Bb *fine* Bb Gm

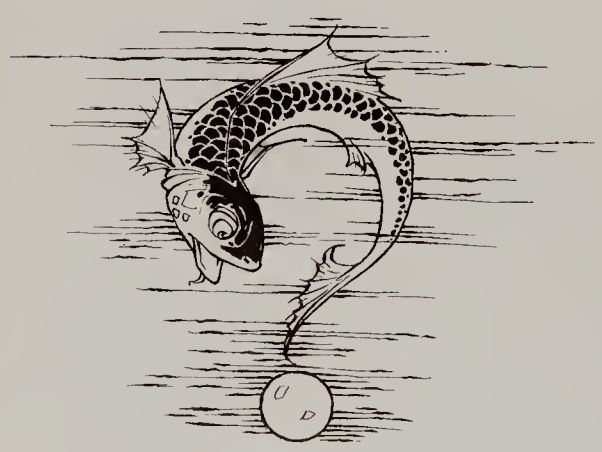
"First the fish must be caught."

That is eas - y: a ba - by, I think, could have caught it.

C7 F7 Bb Gm7

"Next, the fish must be bought." That is eas - y: a pen-ny, I think, would have bought it.

Bbm6 C9 F13 Bb



"Now cook me the fish!"
That is easy, and will not take more than a minute.
"Let it lie in a dish!"
That is easy, because it already is in it!

"Bring it here. Let me sup!"
It is easy to set such a dish on the table.
"Take the dish-cover up!"
Ah, *that* is so hard that I fear I'm unable!

For it holds it like glue—
Holds the lid to the dish, while it lies in the middle:
Which is easiest to do,
Un-dish-cover the fish, or dishcover the riddle?

'For it holds it like glue—holds the lid to the dish'

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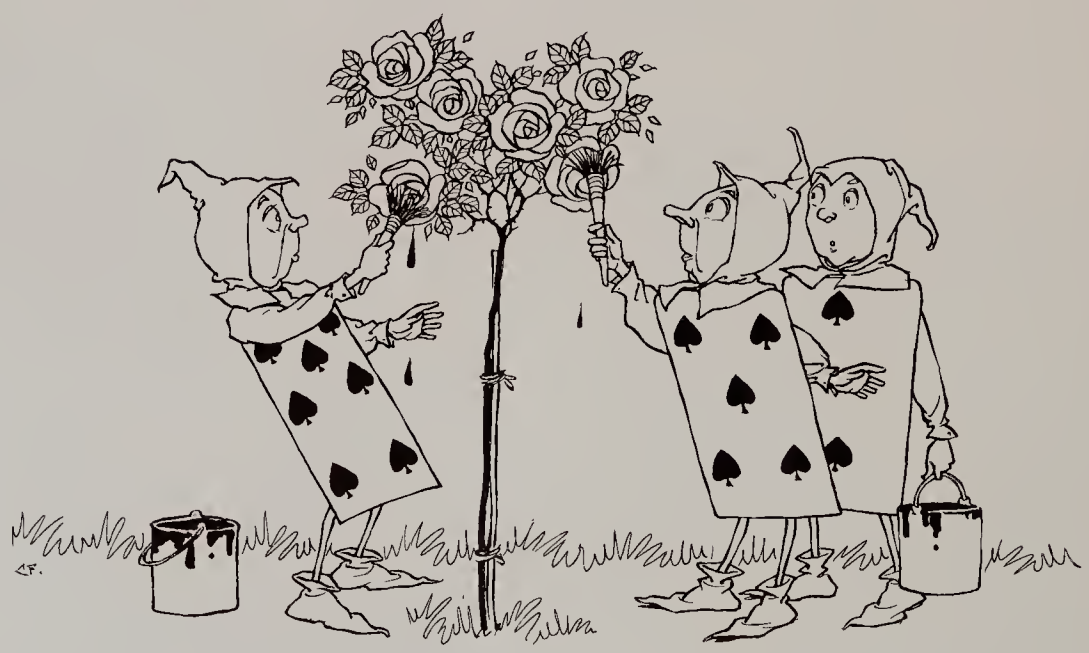

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LEWIS CARROLL was the pen name of Charles Lutwidge Dodgson. He was born in England in 1832 and attended Oxford University, where he had a career as a teacher of mathematics. It was his telling stories to a girl named Alice, the daughter of a dean at the University, that led to the creation of *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland* and its sequel, *Through the Looking Glass*. He died in 1898.

DON HARPER is a versatile and accomplished composer and musician who has written the theme and background music for a number of TV shows. As a performing violinist, he plays popular, jazz, and classical music, and has made several recordings.

CHARLES FOLKARD was born in 1878 and died in 1963. He began his career as an artist for a newspaper in London. Later he illustrated a number of classic children's books, including *Grimm's Fairy Tales, Aesop's Fables, Arabian Nights,* and *Mother Goose Nursery Rhymes.*

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